

THE CHARITON COURIER.

C. P. VANDIVER, 2d. and Prop.
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A LITTLE TOWER

On the teeth destroys the enamel and ruins the teeth. Saxofon will remove this very annoying growth and leave the teeth white and pearly. H. L. Sneed, the popular dentist, keeps it.

Treasure Tower

A STORY OF MALTA.

By Virginia W. Johnson.

CHAPTER XII

Expulsion.

COULD NOT leave the poor man lying out there in the road," Dolores confided to her pillow when she awakened the next morning.

Then she sought the fragments beneath the same pillow, where she had placed them on the previous night before going to sleep. The moon had become hidden by clouds at the opportune moment when she had returned in search of the treasure. There was treason to Arthur Curzon, and even defecation of him, in the act. For the first time in her young life she was required to ponder on the unreasonable and exacting character of man. The garrulous moods and prevalent crossness of grandpapa was a different matter. Her admiration of the handsome officer, and the affectionate gratitude awakened in her heart by his geniality and generosity, were mere surface ripples of sentiment as yet in her nature.

Her slumbers had been broken by

agitated dreams and feverish starts of wakefulness, when she had listened to those confused and intermittent sounds below stairs, which indicated that Jacob Deatry was roaming about the Watch Tower.

In addition, the Cavalier of the picture seemed to stand on the threshold of her chamber and reproach her for some fault. His voice was muffled, vague and monotonous, like the rhythm of the distant sea. She could not distinguish his words. What had she done? Dolores could not understand.

She rose, made her simple toilet, and ate her frugal breakfast with a healthy, young appetite. Her grandfather had been up for hours. He did not notice her. The amenities of conversation were rare between them.

The girl took the fan in her hand, and contemplated it with sadness. She shed a few tears over the wreck. Ah, how beautiful it had been only the previous night, with the moonlight sparkling on the spangled surface! The finger that crushed the pearl and tortoise-shell structure must have been very strong, and the anger of Arthur Curzon deep. Did she not feel some sweet, feminine docility of subjection to the muscles of this samson?

"He was jealous," said Dolores, aloud, and a dimple deepened in her soft cheek.

She glanced at a little mirror; already she was a woman. The discovery frightened and enchanted her. The broken fan still claimed her sorrowful tenderness and regret.

"What shall I do with it?" she demanded of the Knight of Malta, pausing before the picture.

The Knight was mute. She went out into the garden, irresolutely. A bee from the hive in the

"His arms were around her," rear of the tower settled on her wrist. She did not fear the insect. The bees made famous honey.

"What shall I do with the fan?" she repeated, obeying a childish impulse to question Fate.

The bee was mute, and, after basking, a downy, golden body, on the extended arm for a moment, spread gossamer wings, and flew away, as if about to keep a business appointment in the kingdom of the thyme.

"What shall I do with the fan?" the girl inquired of the pigeons, the flowers, the dog.

The pigeons ceased to coo, and looked at her with bright eyes; the flowers swayed on their fragile stalks, and hung their heads, languid with their own fragrance.

Florio bounded through the reeds, and again emerged, uttering a sharp bark, as if to claim her attention for the retreat which he had discovered in the middle of the clump of plants.

Dolores caught up the little animal, and bestowed her usual caress, a kiss on the nose. "The very spot!" she exclaimed. "I will bury the fan. Florio knows more than the pigeons, or the bees."

She glanced about in search of her grandfather. She had once offended him by digging at the roots of his flowers and attempting to bury a broken fan. Now she would ask him to accompany her to the fan's grave. The gate was half open. She looked out, and beheld the old man traversing the path in the direction of the high road. He was evidently bound on some errand.

She must await his return. When would he return, however? Surely there could be no harm in hiding away the fan among the canes! Her life had been so meager of incident, that this one acquired importance in her estimation. Impatience overcame all scruples. She once more sought and found a broken, rusty knife, and, kneeling, thrust her arm through the barrier of stems to scoop out a little hole in the earth. The clump of canes should shelter the spot.

The task was rudely interrupted. A claw-like hand grasped her shoulder, and she was dragged back with violence.

Jacob Deatry had entered the enclosure, and discovered her occupation. He pounced upon his grandchild in an access of fury. "You jade! You devil's imp! What are you about, now?"

The words seemed to hiss in her ear, awakening painful memories. "I am not hurting the flowers in the very least, grandpapa," she protested, in an aggrieved tone.

She was older and stronger than when she had attempted to enter the doll, and need not fear to confront him in a fit of anger. She must learn to brave him. Nevertheless, the rage of the old man made her quail. She rose to her feet, trembling in every limb, and averted her head.

The crisis was terribly brief. One moment a white face confronted her, with the pinched features drawn and contracted, and a pair of gleaming eyes projecting from the sockets, and the next she was thrust out of the gate, with her dog, and the bolts drawn.

"Go away!" cried Jacob Deatry through the partition. "Let me never see your face again. A spy!"

"Oh, grandpapa!"

"A—thief! Be off with you, once for all!"

"Where am I to go?" implored Dolores.

She was stupefied and incredulous at the brusque expulsion.

"Return to the convent, if you will. You shall not enter my door again. A spy! A traitor!"

The voice of the old man, piercing and sharp, rose to a sort of howl of menace with these words.

Dolores turned away, with Florio under her arm.

The morning was clear, and the sunshine dazzling, yet the sky seemed about to fall on her head. Was it true that her grandfather had banished her from the Watch Tower forever?

A crushing blow shatters the prism of a crystal. The shock of brutal, unforeseen ejection from her home, by her nearest relative, scattered her ideas in a similar manner. Her first thought was of Arthur Curzon. Where was he? How could she find him in her humiliation and distress? Dolores lacked the nerve requisite to haunt the quay in quest of him. Or did some instinct of modest pride withhold her from displaying her shame to the world? Oddly enough, the first and rudimentary comprehension of dread of public opinion in her mind took the form of a natural shrinking from the eyes of slender and grave Dr. Busatti, and his yellow, little mother.

The recollection of the ladies of the ball, and of the gentlemen who had been kind to her on that momentous occasion, did not trouble her. There remained for her only the safe refuge of the convent. The sad and monotonous routine of monastic rule was to be the end of all joy and happiness. A sob rose in her throat.

She walked slowly toward the town. No one noticed her and she passed other pedestrians as if they had been phantoms.

Near the fortifications she paused to gaze down on the harbor with a certain wistfulness. Since her childhood the ships coming and going had always inspired an indefinable longing and restlessness in her breast. Now Arthur Curzon was on board of one of the craft. He would be sorry if he could see her. Perhaps they might never meet again. Ah, how she loved him at this moment! She loved him with all her heart and soul. She realized the joy and the bitterness of the emotion.

The corvette *Ladialas* was steaming away in the distance, bearing the young prince to the Nile. The Italian packet, the *Electrico*, was to sail at a later hour for Sicily.

Dolores pursued her way until the walls of the convent became visible. She halted again, and shuddered, as if she had received the shock of a blow full in her heart. She trembled and shrank back. If she entered that portal, she might never be able to again escape. On one side were the blue sky, the glancing waves of the sea, the warm sunshine toward which her whole nature yearned; on the other, in the cold shadow of the cloister, was the silent and repressed lot of the nun.

The fugitive recoiled, oppressed with doubt and dread. She hid her face in her hands, weeping, and striving to conquer her own indecision. Then a swift panic of terror seized her impulsive temperament. She fled back swiftly to the Watch Tower. Fear lent wings to her agile feet.

The familiar boundary gained, she leaned against the wall, pained, and closed her eyes. Her senses reeled, and a white cloud seemed to envelop and stifle her. The little dog leaped to the ground, and regarded her with anxiety, his tail drooping.

"She knocked timidly."

"Grandpapa!" her voice was weak and hoarse.

There was no response. The outcasts listened intently, the girl with parted lips and dilating eyes, the dog with a sagacious little head cocked on one side, and ears pricked up. The ripple of the fountain alone was audible within the enclosure.

"Grandpapa? Open the gate for me. You will be sorry if you refuse!"

Still there was no reply vouchsafed by the obstinate old man. The appeal of Dolores, more piercing and assured this time, only served to arouse the echoes. Jacob Deatry gave no sign of life. Did he hear the appeal? Had he shut himself up in the tower?

Fear again smote on the heart of Dolores, a chilling, indefinable dread of the coming night and darkness. She must seek the convent as a shelter, or become a beggar, a fugitive. What other refuge could Malta offer her? Terrible alternatives of poverty and friendlessness.

She wandered away from the gate, and crept into the ruined temple, where Lieut. Curzon had first found her grandfather lying insensible on the pavement. Her instinct was to hide herself from the light of day and the scrutiny of her fellow creatures. She was only conscious of a cowardly impulse to put off the fatal hour of return to the convent until evening, and when no other course should be possible to her.

She crouched in the most obscure corner of the ruin, holding Florio in her arms. The little dog whined from time to time and licked her cheek. Florio evidently realized the full peril of the miserable situation.

Her glance strayed around the rude interior of the temple with weariness and indifference. She knew the place well. She had often visited it with her grandfather and Dr. Busatti. The altar rose before her and fragments of sculptured blocks lay scattered about on the ground.

If the past appealed to her at all, it was when a sunbeam alighted in a golden shaft athwart the entrance, recalling to her the night when she had

personated the Phœnician maiden in the tableau.

She buried her face in her hands and wept. Hunger and thirst assailed her, and then her faculties became gradually dull, coldly benumbed. Perhaps she slept.

A light and jaunty footstep aroused her, a masculine voice hummed a strain of the song, "My Pretty Brown Maid."

Captain Blake looked into the temple. Dolores held her breath, and shrank back further into the shadow. Florio was mute in sympathy.

The girl felt overwhelmed with shame. She did not wish to be seen in her disgrace, just then. What assistance could this stranger give her? She hated him, with sudden caprice of unreasonable animosity. If he discovered her retreat, he would laugh and jest at the whole dilemma. Dolores could not endure laughter and jesting in her present plight.

"What a beastly hole!" remarked Captain Blake, aloud, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

Then he strolled on.

The minutes passed slowly and monotonously. Dolores wished she had detained, claimed the human sympathy of the gallant soldier once he had departed. He had been kind on a former occasion. Why should she shrink from him now? Hope, expectation, thrilling anxiety of waiting, were all awakened in her breast by the incident of Capt. Blake's taking a country walk. If he thus rambled forth from the town, why not another? Ah, she watched, not for him, but for another! Surely Arthur Curzon would come before nightfall. If he loved her, he must be aware, by some unerring intuition, of her need of him. Of course, he loved her. Had he not repeatedly sworn that he loved her? She doubted this much needed tenderness no more than she feared the sunshine would be withdrawn by some cruel whim of nature from her island home.

At length her quick ear heard another footstep approaching. She rose to her feet with a bound, and Florio rushed out of the ruin with a joyful bark of welcome. Oh, swift divination of feminine coquetry! Arthur Curzon had sought the Watch Tower, with a new fan in his pocket, to atone for his misdeed of the previous night.

"Good morning, Dolores," blithely. "Good morning," falteringly.

"Were you watching for me here, little girl? Bless you! Why, this ruin old temple would serve as a good trying place."

"Yes," said Dolores, with a sigh. She grew pale, and her eyes sought the ground.

"What is amiss, Dolores?" quickly. She flew to the young man's side, and clasped both of her hands on his arm.

"I should have soon died if you had not come!" she moaned. "Grandpapa has driven me away. He is in one of his fits of bad temper. He has them occasionally. I did nothing to offend him, except to hide the broken fan."

Arthur Curzon's features darkened, while a gleam of anger shone in his eyes.

"Did he dare to strike or beat you, Dolores? He shall answer for it to me, if he did!"

Dolores sighed.

"Oh, no! Grandpapa has never beaten me, I think. He has struck me with words often enough, though."

She held up her sweet face to him, bathed in tears, for consolation and advice.

The young officer heard all, even to the project of retiring to the convent.

"Tell me what I am to do," sobbed the girl, hiding her face on his broad breast. "Ah! I have no one in the world besides you!"

Touching assurance of helpless innocence and faith in his power of protection! Arthur Curzon was moved by it, as many another man would have been in his place.

"Why did you think of a convent?" he inquired at length. "You should have come to me, my pet."

Dolores smiled faintly.

"YOU JADE, YOU DEVIL'S IMP!"

"How could I board your ship? I am not a pirate, or—a laundress. Grandpapa is always urging my return to the convent."

"Curious! He is a protestant," musingly.

"It must be to get rid of me," Dolores affirmed, ruefully.

Finally, he took her by the hand, and led her back to the Watch Tower. His eyes had acquired a steely glitter, while the lines of resolution deepened about his mouth.

"Poor child! Your grandfather must not be allowed to turn you out of doors as if you had been guilty of some crime. I will make him listen to reason. Later, I shall take you away," he said, with resolution.

Dolores looked at him, lips and chin acquiring their ancestral curves. Already the terrible cloud of trouble was passing away from her spirit. Had she not cast the burden of her trouble on another?

"You will take me away if I will go," she supplemented.

"Of course."

The cloud of misgiving, and perhaps, apprehension, was gathering now about the path of Arthur Curzon. Change in all relations with the sweet and bewitching creature at his side had come with an almost appalling swiftness, jarring and perplexing to the utmost degree. If the Watch Tower, with the tangled garden, had been a hidden paradise to the supine native, Dr. Busatti, because of the beautiful girl who dwelt there, how much more so was it to himself with his fiery nature of the sailor? He had not availed himself of a proposed leave of absence, because he preferred to linger at Malta and hold stolen intercourse with Dolores. He would not vacate a field in favor of Capt. Blake, or some other airy tripper. The atmosphere of reverie was roseate, even time possessed no due value spent in soft dalliance, varied by feminine caprices, fierce, little quarrels swiftly

appeared to a seductive ensuing tranquility. Behold! Here was the fairy princess thrust forth from her garden to beg her bread on the highway!

Arthur Curzon knocked on the gate, in turn, with an imperious insistence. Jacob Deatry vouchsafed no response. The two young people looked at each other in mutual dismay.

"You see, it is no good to knock," said the girl, with blanching lips.

Her evanescent gaiety had left her with trembling limbs, and her great eyes fixed beseechingly on her companion, who held her destiny in his keeping.

"I HAVE NO ONE IN THE WORLD BESIDE YOU."

A Remarkable Feat.

An account is given of a remarkable feat accomplished for the Bonsecours Spinning works at Nancy, namely, increasing the height of a chimney about one hundred feet high by some thirty feet additional, without stopping the works a single day. Owing to the power being augmented, the existing chimney did not give sufficient draft for the greater number of boilers, and one or two alterations were involved—either to build a new chimney alongside the old one or to raise the latter still higher. An expert by the name of Bartling offered to increase the height of the standing chimney without any interference with the work of the mills, and, aided by another man equal to the occasion, the contractor proceeded to fix a series of light steel ladders to the chimney by means of iron hooks driven in between the courses of the bricks—erected a pulley at the top of the chimney and a flight of scaffolding all around, and then, having lowered the cornice surmounting the chimney, successfully built on to the top at the rate of about four to five feet per day.

Expensive Substitute for Emery.

The extensive adoption of carborundum—a crystallized carbide of silicon—as a substitute for emery for abrasion purposes is to be noted. The change is due to the greater efficiency of the new substance—that is, it has been found that twice as much work can be accomplished by a brass valve grinder with one-eighth ounce of carborundum in one day as could be effected with any amount of emery; against this, however, is set the difference in price between the two articles, and also the economy of the workman, carelessness on the part of the latter involving too much waste to make the use of carborundum possible. In the matter of glass cutting, tests have shown that the same amount of work can be performed in one-quarter the length of time required when working on hard steel or chilled iron. As a substitute, too, for diamond dust in polishing diamonds, interesting results have followed the use of this carbide. An instance cited is that of a new lap, and therefore absolutely free from diamond powder, being fed with the carborundum powder, and which, in twenty minutes, restored the facet of a damaged diamond. One of the chief features of the substance in its preparation in a crystalline form, and new suggestions as to its industrial and chemical application are constantly being made.

A Plain Duke.

When Queen Victoria was on her way to Florence, divers dignitaries assembled at the station to greet her. While waiting they observed a man of modest appearance, who strolled up and down beside them, and whom they took for a journalist and sniffed at as having no right to be so near. A station official curtly ordered him back, and the stranger obeyed with a mild and courteous acquiescence. The station official and the civil dignitaries were ready to weep when this train rolled up and the queen, alighting, held out her hand to the stranger, with a delighted exclamation. He was the duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

The difference between genius and talent is that the former is a perpetual, never-failing spring; the latter is merely a cistern that has to be filled up from time to time.

Justice—Well, prisoner, what have you got to say for yourself? Prisoner—I don't know, your honor. What would you say?

personated the Phœnician maiden in the tableau.

She buried her face in her hands and wept. Hunger and thirst assailed her, and then her faculties became gradually dull, coldly benumbed. Perhaps she slept.

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